The Black Cat

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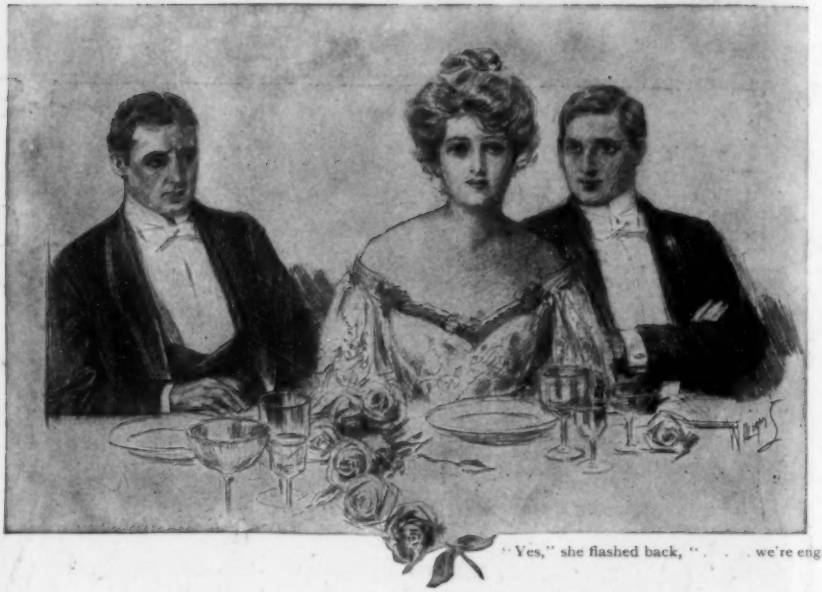

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The Cross-Eyed Saint of Guasapadi.*

BY MIRIAM MICHELSON.

NTONIO could not tell whether he loved or hated it most.

It looked like Juanita, so he loved it. And its crooked, slanting eyes belied the resemblance, so he hated it.

But whether 'twas hate or love, it fascinated him. Even while the Padre preached he felt his own eyes irresistibly drawn towards it. And something made him eager to obey its influence till he really had turned to look straight at it. Then he impatiently averted his eyes, only to be attracted again and again by it.

It must have been Juanita's absence that made him so susceptible to its power. At mass he was accustomed to let his eyes dwell upon the soft, flushed cheek of Jiminez' daughter. But yesterday their love for each other had been discovered, and to-day only rich old Jiminez himself sat in the great pew and both Juanita and her duenna were missing.

Antonio's eyes turned discontentedly from the old man's stern, leathery face, its keen dark eyes overshadowed by the heavy white

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eyebrows, and for comfort he looked again toward the cross-eyed Saint that reminded him vaguely of his sweetheart.

Ever since the boy could remember the little chapel had been just as it was to-day; the panels between the crudely colored windows broken by niches in which were set vividly painted images of the saints, the one with the slanting eyes being nearest the altar and in a way dominating the rude little white-washed chapel, the body of which was filled with peons, Indians, Spaniards.

Well up in front Jiminez always sat in his big square pew with his daughter and her duenna, and sometimes a visitor from the other America to the north, one of the engineers of the mines twenty miles away, whom Antonio also alternately hated and envied for being so near to Juanita. Meanwhile the dear old Padre, who owned the best fighting cock in all Venezuela, intoned the mass far up amidst the glittering glory of the altar.

"Tony," said Antonio to himself — mass was over and the people were hurrying out — "be a noble and a soldier, Tony, and brave the old Don as he crosses the very threshold of the chapel."

(When young De la Montanya remembered his ancestry, he thought of himself as "Antonio"; when he became unpleasantly aware of the menial position he occupied, he was just "Tony." The two identities that existed within him, the patrician and the peon, held many a mental conversation.)

"But if he becomes angry and shouts, as everybody knows Jiminez does?" remonstrated Tony with Antonio.

"Bah!" returned the valiant Antonio. "Big words hurt no one. Up, now, and at him!"

Don Felipe Jiminez was just then passing out. The coward Tony took off his sombrero with a low reverence and would have let the old man pass. But the brave and amorous Antonio replaced the sombrero and, ignoring the beating of Tony's coward heart, as well as the old Don's look of amazement, began to speak.

"I did not see the Señorita Juanita at mass to-day. She is well, I hope?"

"The Señorita Jiminez is well."

The old Don answered curtly. He barely looked at the young man as he turned to go on.

"Your pardon, Señor, but I have something of importance to say."

"Importance! To me?"

"To me."

Jiminez turned impatiently from him.

"And — and to Juanita."

It was the caitiff tongue of Tony that stumbled over her name. Antonio held himself erect and looked straight into the old Don's wrathful, astonished little eyes.

"You will make me an offer for the Señorita Jiminez' hand next, I suppose?"

"I have that honor, Señor."

The old Don exploded. In the face of such audacity impatience was no weapon and even sarcasm was powerless.

"You beggar!" he cried, and the empty old church reverberated with the passion in his voice. "The girl's duenna was right. You have dared to lift your eyes to the Señorita. And she, the —"

"The Señorita Juanita Jiminez, you were about to say, Don Felipe, has lowered her eyes to mine, and our glances have crossed even as do the eyes of the blessed Saint Caterina," interrupted Antonio, so excited he hardly knew what he was saying.

"The Señorita goes to the convent at Caracas to-morrow and you can go — to —"

"Don Felipe! Don Felipe!" It was the unctuous voice of the old Padre. He had heard the strident tones of old Jiminez and came out now, his hand raised in shocked surprise, his merry little eyes twinkling.

"A beggar! A street boy! A peon! That's what he is. A vender of fruit, a menial, an imp, a rascal!" The old Don blustered himself out of breath, ignoring the priest's intercession.

"But a De la Montanya!" cried Antonio proudly. Even the timorous Tony within him was emboldened by the insults heaped upon him. "A descendant of that Marco de la Montanya who came to Venezuela bringing old Pedro Jiminez in his train as a scullion in his cook's kitchen, O grandson of a scullion!"

"Tony! Tony! Don Felipe, I beg of you, I implore you!"

The old Padre got between the two. His broad stout back he presented to old Jiminez' uplifted stick. His big face, which was turned to Antonio — who, now that his bolt was sped, was nothing but a quaking Tony — was a queer contradiction. For

his lips were pursed and his arched eyebrows knitted in frowning disapproval, while his little eyes twinkled with appreciation.

"Inside, you rascal!" he cried, hustling the boy before him and spreading wide the skirts of his soutane, while he danced a funny little step from side to side to head off the enraged Jiminez, who followed.

"You shall do penance, Tony, I warrant, for such — such — words," the priest concluded lamely with what sounded almost like a suppressed chuckle.

"I'll beat him till there's not enough De la Montanya left in him to know itself from — from —" sputtered the old Don, becoming inarticulate with rage and exertion.

"From a Jiminez?" suggested the impudent Antonio, whom the Padre's unexpected though surreptitious sympathy and the ardor of battle had intoxicated.

Whack!!!

Down came old Jiminez' stick. But Antonio was young and spry, and the Padre was so big and unwieldy that he could not get in the way, so the cane came down upon the heavy mahogany door post, ricocheted out of the old Don's tingling hand, and flew across the little chapel to the very feet of cross-eyed Saint Caterina.

"A scandal!" cried the Padre, genuinely angry now. "Señor Don Felipe Jiminez, never has the chapel of Guasapadi been so desecrated!"

"Never since Bolivar came to seize the treasure all northern Venezuela had gathered here, eh?" sneered the old Don, his anger transferring itself from Antonio to his champion.

"Don Felipe!"

But the old Don was roused. He was not the richest, the oldest, and the vilest-tempered man of Guasapadi's five hundred for nothing.

"It must have been just such a blundering priest as you, Padre," he cried, shaking his long trembling forefinger at him, "who gathered in all that treasure when he heard that Bolivar was coming, who hid it away with the help of a poor devil of a peon and killed him afterwards — yes, killed him, Padre Benito, that the secret might be safe. And then was killed by Bolivar for all his

pains and to slake the General's disappointment. The blunderer!"

"It is not true, Padre; it is not true," cried Antonio, forgetting his own troubles and hastening to comfort the old priest, who had buried his head in his hands and stood rocking wretchedly before old Jiminez.

"The peon was killed and Benito's uncle was Padre in those days, you young thief; what can you know about it?" Jiminez roared, but mildly. He had already repented his treatment of the Padre, whose cloth he reverenced despite his contempt for the jolly, good-humored gossip who wore it.

At the word "thief" young De la Montanya turned white, but the sight of Jiminez' stubborn back as he stalked away — bearing himself the more rigidly for the shame and discomfort he was beginning to feel — brought back to the lad's memory the hopes he had when first he accosted him.

"Juanita!" he cried, hurrying after the old man, his hands held out appealingly.

Jiminez turned. An ironical smile lifted the ends of his long white mustachios.

"Just hold them out long enough and I will put her into them, like a bag of grain!"

Antonio withdrew his hands, blushing confusedly. His unconsidered impulsive gesture had become ridiculous.

But on turning, Jiminez' eye had caught the priest's. With a long stride or two, he was back at his side.

"Pardon, Padre," he said, sinking on his stiff old knees.

Padre Benito pardoned and blessed him with that dignity which the Church lends to its peasant priests as well as to its princes.

Jiminez rose, chastened, and still carrying his great Panama in his lean old hand, he walked soberly from the place.

Antonio watched him, his heart in his eyes. The old Don seemed softened. Perhaps, now, if he made a strong appeal —

In a moment he was at the old man's side.

"Your pardon, Don Felipe," he said, bowing his head with a grace that belonged to some dead and gone courtly old De la Montanya. "I forgot myself and that you are her father. Forgive, I beg of you, my unruly tongue and give me only the smallest hope — Anything in the world I could do — to gain Juanita."

Old Jiminez turned and looked at him quizzically. He was only half Spaniard. But that half was true to the tradition that recognizes the grandee's blood and the grandee's pride — even in a gardener's boy.

"Well, Señor de la Montanya, you shall have her," he said at length.

"Have her!" stammered the boy.

"Yes. When — when you find the treasure Bolivar sought."

He laughed grimly, though no longer cruelly, and walked on.

Antonio stood, a statue of misery. For a moment hope had spread like an electrical summons to happiness through his veins. Then came despair, and, entering the church, he sank down in the corner of the Jiminez pew, his head buried in his arms and the slow tears trickling over the beloved spot where Juanita used to sit.

The old Padre, praying and sighing and beating his breast for a dead uncle's sin, had forgotten him. When the priest rose at last and left the chapel, his round, rosy face downcast, saddened, he locked the doors and left Antonio inside.

As for Tony — Antonio Acislo de Valesco de la Montanya, last of all the De la Montanyas, those haughty grandees whose adventurous son had come to the new world with Pizarro, and whose last representative was gardener's boy to old Donna Dolores, whose husband had been killed in the mines — Tony was well content to be overlooked and forgotten.

Nay, it even gave him great satisfaction — being an additional touch of misery — for he intended to die here where Juanita's little round figure had so often sat. He intended to kill himself anyway, so a bit more of the world's unkindness, as exemplified by the kind Padre's forgetting all about him and his trouble, was only a luxury of content to the love-sick lad.

So he lay there hugging his misery and picturing, like a fanciful young sentimentalist, the shock it would be to Padre Benito to find his cold, still body there in the morning. How remorsefully uncomfortable would be old Jiminez, his murderer. Yes, his murderer. And — and how Juanita would sob and sob —

And Juanita's lover sobbed in sympathy for her. And the sound of that echoing sob in the silent, empty church startled him.

He sat up and looked about him fearfully. He had no idea how long he had been there brooding over his grief, but now the little chapel was hushed in the dust and an uncanny sense of strangeness possessed him. All the saints were steeped in shadow. Only the one with the slanting, crooked eyes, so prominently, advantageously placed in an angle between the tallest windows, could he see.

The lad crossed himself stealthily. Even Antonio the lofty was afraid of the supernatural, and weak Tony had all the cowardly blood of the maternal Mendozas to fight against.

But the thought of his sweetheart came then to ennoble the lad. There is something magic in the power of love to overcome the unworthy when a boy's first strong passion is hot in his breast. Antonio rose like a De la Montanya. He would get one look at the spot where his love was imprisoned. He knew her window, just across the little churchyard where Jiminez had built his big house, the only pretentious one in the village. Every morning he was accustomed to pass beneath that window crying his vegetables. Indeed, the duenna's gorgeously colored parrot had learned his call and croaked it out the moment she heard it far down the street. Then would Juanita come out on the little balcony with its gay-striped awning and Tony would toss up to her a rose he had grown in old Dolores's garden. And each time there was the same little dialogue.

"Ah, Tonio, thank you!"

"You are well, Señorita Juanita?"

"Yes, but, Tonio, how can you alone make roses thrive in Guasapadi?"

"But, Juanita, the rarest flowers thrive in Guasapadi."

"Why, Tonio, you know better. You know —"

"You are the rarest flower, Juanita."

"Sh — the duenna!" she always exclaimed just here, laying a finger on her lip, so that when the fictitious danger was past she might blow him a kiss, without appearing specially to make a motion to that effect.

The sigh that burst from the boy's heart now at the memory of it was repeated from all the shadowy corners of the little church. But Antonio was a De la Montanya just now and afire with a

chivalrous, romantic sentiment that kept down even the superstitious fears of Tony, whose mother was only a common Mendoza.

To see Juanita's window once more he must climb to the niche where the cross-eyed saint looked slantwise ever toward the dusky corner 'neath the gallery where the holy-water font stood. He unfastened the cowhide thongs of his heavy shoes and slipped them off. Then with a quick and supple twist of his young body he hitched himself up to the broad window-sill and from there sprang to the niche where Saint Caterina stood. He crossed himself and said a quick, short prayer to excuse himself to her for turning his back. Yet, even with his precaution, her intent, slanting glance seemed to bore into his shoulders. Still, there was Juanita's window and there — oh, grace of the saints! — sat his plump little sweetheart, her round, warm cheek bedded in her palm; and her eyes — a malediction on demons! — turned from the chapel and down the one street.

Antonio stood and gazed — gazed his heart out in this last long look. He was not conscious of the effort required to keep his balance with so narrow a foothold, but his feet were tingling with the tension and his shoulder was strained by the cramped position he had to assume. He only knew that his Juanita sat there, there aloft in sweet pensiveness, and this was the last time he might look upon her.

Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he saw something move in the dim body of the church. Not all the pride of the dead De la Montanyas, not even the love of Juanita and bitter thoughts of suicide could keep the poltroon heart of Tony Mendoza from fluttering in Antonio's breast. But mere instinct did what sentiment could not do and his finger nails held on grimly. He did not fall. He did not cry out. But he turned stiffly and slowly to watch it — and soon he saw 'twas but a moonbeam made to wander here and there by the wind outside in the tops of the heavy mahogany trees, a bit of the jungle left to grow wild in the churchyard.

"A curse on thee, thou base-born Tony," Antonio muttered. "How wilt thou meet death, thou — thou Mendoza?"

"Oh," breathed the poor young Mendoza in him that longed basely for life, "must one die? If only the treasure the Liberator sought, the treasure that has lain hidden all the years doing no

good on earth or in heaven, if one could but find that treasure, he would burn candles to the glory of the saints forevermore."

As this last frantic thought occurred to him, the lad turned almost in prayer to the stiff, dumb saint behind him.

The flickering, travelling moonbeam had floated up and up till it rested now across her eyes — those steadfast, expressionless eyes, all awry, but intent, their converging gaze bent upon the base of the holy-water font.

It seemed to Antonio as he looked, that gradually his eyes assumed that same distorted gaze, at once introspective and designating. And try as he might to look elsewhere, the inward slanting vision led to but one spot — the slab beneath the holy-water font.

The boy's breath came quick, his head throbbed and his strained eyes ached to restore their normal vision. But Tony gazed and gazed. He put his glowing cheek beside the cross-eyed saint's cold, waxen one and looked and looked with her. Clutching the narrow rim of the niche with his toes and fingers, he twisted and squirmed and cramped his body and lowered his stature till his head stood in front of her, and his eyes, automatically squinting now, converged upon the spot on which the cross-eyed saint had fixed her gaze since long before the day of his birth.

The slab beneath the holy-water font! It might mean nothing. It might be desecration. But it might mean life and Juanita.

He jumped to the floor. But instead of making for the font, he rushed frantically about the little chapel, peering up at all the saints one after the other, those familiar, crude embodiments of holiness he had known all his life. He knew that none but Saint Caterina was cross-eyed, yet he struck match after match, as he hurried from one to the other, assuring himself triumphantly that their placid gaze was normal. He stumbled over old Don Felipe's heavy cane and he seized it with a cry of confident, ironical delight.

He fell at last upon the slab beneath the font, working with nervous hands, the old Don's tough mahogany stick, and the curved short knife that had belonged to Donna Dolores's husband — that knife which the last of all the Montanyas used daily to cut the stalks of the vegetables he peddled for his mistress.

When he had loosened the mortar so that a single adobe brick

at last defined itself, he lifted it out. And then he struck a match with bleeding, trembling fingers and lit a cigarette.

The Tony in him was greedy for the sight of what might lie beneath. But the De la Montanya paused upon the very brink of discovery.

"In thy greed, Tony Mendoza, thou'st forgotten," he said scornfully to himself, "that it is not fortune or failure that lies beneath this stone. It is life or death. Think, then, a moment before thou must see and choose."

And with a sinking of his heart — it was like a premonition of death — he felt the cold, dank air imprisoned for half a century and more beneath the adobe floor sweep over his perspiring face.

So both Tony and Antonio smoked that last cigarette in peace. And when it was ended, the lad stretched out his hand and plunged it with all his desperate, foolish, youthful might into the darkness below. Plunged it right into the treasure which half Venezuela had gathered and given into the care of the priest at Guasapadi — the lost treasure which men had ceased to search for in all the years that had passed since Bolivar punished with death the uncle of Padre Benito for refusing to disclose its hiding-place.

But, the night before Bolivar came, the faithful priest must have crossed the eyes of Saint Caterina, so that their slanting, steadfast gaze should dwell forever upon the spot beneath which gold in sacred vessels, gold in vestments, gold in the setting of wonderful jewels, gold in the coined old doubloons of Spain and gold in pure, raw ingots from the mines lay — now to restore the De la Montanyas to their former greatness.

But this was forty or fifty years ago, when Venezuela was twice that number of years behind the rest of the world. The present De la Montanya, Don Juan Felipe Acislo de Valesco de la Montanya, is a millionaire who prefers New York and Madrid and Paris even to Caracas. But his old parents keep candles burning still before the shrine of the cross-eyed saint of Guasapadi.

An Arctic Scoop.*

BY WALTER TALLMADGE ARNDT AND PHILIP LORING ALLEN.

POLE CITY had been without tidings from the rest of the world for three whole years. The editor of the morning *Polaris* could not help feeling a trifle despondent as he reflected that in all that time his paper had published not a single line that could properly be classed as "news." His only consolation was the knowledge that his rival of the *Aurora Borealis* was no better off.

Journalism in the centre of the Arctic Circle, as every one knows, has its peculiarities. As the night and day are each six months long, the morning newspapers go to press in April, and the evening newspapers in October. They have no cable nor telegraph service, but depend for their foreign news chiefly on the occasional whalers which drift into the polar waters or are carried thither frozen in the ice. Sometimes no news at all comes to hand for months or years of ordinary worldly time, but when it does come, it comes in such batches as to overwhelm the editorial staffs completely.

In 1867, for example, the *Aurora Borealis*, by a wonderful display of newspaper enterprise, secured one of the greatest "scoops" on record. Its edition of that year contained the startling news that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, that the Southern States had seceded from the Union, that a four years' war had taken place, that the North had finally triumphed, and that President Lincoln had been assassinated. The *Polaris* of the following April

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* The writers of this story received a cash prize of $150 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending February 26, 1902.

did not secure a scrap of foreign news in the meantime, and its front page contained only an account of the marriage of a prominent Eskimo chief's daughter, and an article on the cultivation of bananas, which had been clipped from an old magazine.

A disabled brigantine, in 1897, had brought news of the war between China and Japan, and her captain had hinted that war between England and the United States had also been impending when he left port, two years before, on account of some sort of trouble that nobody understood regarding the boundary of Venezuela. The *Polaris*, which had always been more or less afflicted with anglophobia, had "spread" the story thus:

WAR!

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES AT SWORDS' POINTS.

British Lion prowling about Venezuela. — Uncle Sam says Hands Off. — Declaration of War expected Daily.

Ever since then, Pole City had been waiting vainly for news of the war. In the years of suspense, the editors availed themselves of the opportunity to write long and learned editorials on international politics, and incidentally to abuse each other. They had plenty of time to think up clever retorts and managed to make things interesting. In lieu of foreign dispatches, the *Polaris* printed a series of extracts from Boccaccio's "Decameron," and the *Aurora Borealis* followed suit with an expurgated version of the Secretary of Agriculture's report for the year 1888. In spite of these attractions, however, both newspapers fell off in circulation, and something had to be done.

Then it was that the *Aurora Borealis* adopted the methods of the "journalism that does things." It appeared on the evening of 1899, with its entire front page devoted to the announcement that an ice-famine was imminent, unless radical measures were taken to prevent it. Tables and charts were presented in proof of the assertion. The paper advocated the calling of an extraordinary session of the Municipal Council for the enactment of appropriate legislation.

An ice famine in the Arctic regions was such an utterly unheard of thing that the mere mention of its possibility almost caused a

panic. At all events the special session was called, and within a month the following ordinance stood on the statute book:

SECTION 1. It shall be unlawful for any person by the application of heat, other than that of the sun, or by any artificial method to thaw, melt, dissolve, or in any other way reduce to a liquid or fluid state any ice, snow, hail, frost, sleet or other form of frozen or congealed water, within the corporate limits of this city, unless the water produced by such thawing, melting, or dissolving, be put to immediate use for domestic or culinary purposes.

SECT. 2. It shall further be unlawful for any person to cut, saw or break, or in any other way convert into regular or irregular blocks or pieces any mass or accumulation of ice or any part thereof found within the corporate limits of this city, unless the blocks or pieces so produced be used at once for the construction of houses or other buildings, or for the extension and maintenance of the public highways.

This law had been in force about six weeks when something happened. The Chief of Police and the Town Crier had gone a league to the southward to attend the annual meeting of the Olympic Reindeer Racing Association. The Town Crier's blue-eared reindeer "Asbestos" had won the Ursa Major Stakes, and the two men set out for home in a happy mood. They were nearing the city, singing an old Eskimo folk song, when the Chief of Police, who was driving, suddenly pulled up his dogs, and asked in a whisper, "Do you see anything odd about that iceberg?" pointing to a mass of ice that towered a hundred feet above them. The road at this point ran along the shore of a bay and several icebergs had been piled there by a recent storm. "There!" shouted the Chief, "a light burning inside of that berg!"

"By all the ghosts of Sir John Franklin!" exclaimed the Crier.

Just then the forward starboard dog yelped, all the others joined in, and they would not be quieted until pocket handkerchiefs were tied over their eyes to shut out the uncanny sight. Then the two men, each grasping a six-shooter, started on hands and knees to investigate the phenomenon. The berg was high and dry upon the shore, so when the pair reached it they decided, after a moment's whispered conversation, to creep around it in opposite directions and report results on the other side. On the side chosen by the Chief of Police the ice was so thick and so full of snowflakes and shell ice that his investigations came to nothing. Therefore, when he had crawled to a point which he thought was about half way around, he seated himself comfortably on a block of ice to wait for his companion. He was not naturally of an excitable disposition,

so he amused himself by tossing bits of ice into the black water that gurgled and surged a dozen paces from his feet. Thus a quarter of an hour passed. "Must have been the longest way round his end," he muttered. "I'd better go after him," and getting down again on all fours, the officer of the law continued his crawl. He had gone but a few feet when he came to a sort of elbow projection which was in deep shadow. The path around it was narrow and slippery. He hardly dared to look up for fear of sliding down the ice incline into the sea, and was not prepared for what he saw when he turned the corner.

The Town Crier was sitting there bolt upright, his long legs stretched out in front of him and his big hands lying helplessly in his lap. His lower jaw was hanging, what had evidently once been perspiration had frozen on his forehead in lines of bead-like icicles, and every hair on his big fur cap and coat stood out like so many bristles. His eyes were wide open and staring straight ahead at the big berg. The Chief of Police, too, glanced in that direction, and gasped. A layer of outside ice had evidently been split off and there the light from within streamed much more brightly. Inside the berg, perhaps thirty feet away, was a man. He was seated comfortably in a leather-covered chair and was puffing away at a meerschaum. On a table at his side a lamp burned. The man was evidently warm, for he had removed his coat and waistcoat. A couch bed near him had been opened, making it seem probable that he was on the point of retiring.

Utterly oblivious of the approach of his friend, the Town Crier sat staring stupidly at the strange sight. The Chief of Police, however, recovered almost immediately from his astonishment. If anything, he was practical. He had begun life as a copy boy for the *Aurora Borealis* and had gradually risen to be City Editor. In fact it was this position of prominence on the acknowledged organ of the so-called "Freezeout" party that had finally secured his appointment as Chief of Police. But once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man. He had the bacilli in his blood and he could no more get rid of them than the Town Crier could his love for whale-oil cocktails. So it happened that in him the evening paper still possessed a very loyal and very earnest news getter and one who from his official position often secured for it "stories"

that its morning contemporary had striven for in vain. It was therefore the news value of the man in the iceberg that first appealed to the Chief of Police. It was not only the importance of the circumstances of the discovery, but also the possibility that the stranger might possess news from the great world to the southward of a much later date than that published three years before by the *Polaris*. Undoubtedly he would know the result of the Anglo-American war which, at last accounts, was on the point of breaking out.

One thing only troubled the Chief of Police. It was but two weeks to the time when the morning paper would go to press, and if the news of the ice-bound man's existence became public, that paper and not his paper — he still called the evening paper his — would benefit by the discovery and very likely be enabled to give the first news of the war. Means must be devised for holding the story until evening. His official position might help him, and the Mayor and Municipal Council were on his side, anyhow.

He grasped the Town Crier by the collar and gave him a very energetic shaking up. The hanging lower jaw waggled a bit, then closed with a snap, the staring eyes rolled around in their sockets, and finally fixed themselves on the officer. A moment later a ring of cold steel was pressed against his temple and a voice hissed into his ear the words "Get up! And I'll let you guess what will happen if you ever breathe a word of what you have seen."

In silence the two men walked to the sledge and in silence they drove to the Town Crier's house. His wife was waiting at the door, but in his terror the unfortunate man could not say a word. He only stood trembling and staggering. "Too bad this should happen," said the Chief of Police, shaking his head. "He'll sleep it off before long. Put him to bed now and don't let any one see him until I call again." Then he drove rapidly to the office of the *Aurora Borealis* and was closeted for an hour or more with the Managing Editor.

The Town Crier was not an elective officer. His position carried with it social prestige and he was beholden to no man nor party, yet he was a sort of hereditary rival to all other means of disseminating news. His was the only office in the municipality that was passed on from father to son. It was the last relic of the

old days when everything in Pole City, including the dogs, the pole cats and pole fever had been hereditary. Therefore it was not surprising that he felt no particular obligation to follow any course just because it would be pleasing to one or the other of the political parties. On questions of politics he kept his own counsel with the result that he had ordinarily been classed with the floating vote. Be that as it may, he reached his own conclusions about things, and his adventure with the man in the iceberg was a fine thing to have conclusions about.

The man behind the bar at the sign of the Red Walrus was famous for his cocktails. He could mix cocktails out of anything, and he could mix them so thoroughly that a chemical analysis would not have shown what was in them. His establishment stood on Pole City's Newspaper Row — which was not a row at all — midway between the offices of the *Polaris* and the *Aurora Borealis*. Here, when the sun was racing along the horizon, the worthies and their opposites gathered to gossip and drink the long hours away. Here, twenty-four hours after the discovery of the inhabited iceberg, the Town Crier sat with some of his cronies. He had been under a most tremendous strain and he showed it. He was not by nature either selfish or secretive and he wanted somehow to get out from under the responsibility imposed upon him by the knowledge he shared with the Chief of Police. He knew of only one way to shirk that responsibility, so he sought the sign of the Red Walrus. No man would think of denying him his cocktails, and with him it was come cocktails, go all reason and secrecy and everything else.

In his company on that particular occasion sat the Telegraph editors of the rival papers. As the papers never published any telegraph news their duties were not onerous and they spent most of their time playing tiddledywinks and tit-tat-too at the Red Walrus. It took just three cocktails to oil up the Town Crier's vocabulary, and at the fifth, the two Telegraph editors were sitting with gaping mouths listening to the exciting narration of the occurrences of the past twenty-four hours.

The representative of the *Polaris*, who had just a fortnight to get the rest of the story if it was to be got at all, listened as he had never listened to anything before. Whenever the Town Crier

paused for breath, he shouted for another round of cocktails. The Town Crier would drink one, the *Aurora Borealis* man would drink the second, and then, when the third was artfully steered to his side, would drink that, too, from force of habit, without realizing that it was more than his share. The narrative became more and more incoherent as the minutes went on and was also interrupted by the *Aurora Borealis* man's attempts to sing the national hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." When finally the *Polaris* man rose to go, the other two, to all practical purposes, were as immovable as the Pole itself. Such was his own excitement, however, that he did not notice the presence of the Chief of Police, who had been a silent witness of the whole proceeding.

An hour later a tally-ho coach dragged by a string of thirteen thoroughbred dogs rolled out of the city in the direction of the mysterious iceberg. To the ordinary onlooker it appeared to be a picnic party, and the banner which streamed from the rear bore out this impression. It read, "Automatic Chess and Checker Club." The Chief of Police knew better. Ten minutes later two men astride of a tandem passed leisurely out of the city along the same road. The men were the Religious and Sporting editors of the *Aurora Borealis*. They carried their golf clubs and were undoubtedly out for a few hours' sport.

Once on the shore road the golfers slackened their pace and the Religious Editor let go the handle bars and took a telescope from his caddy bag. "Great icicles!" he exclaimed, "they're at it already." After riding a half mile farther they could see without glasses a crowd of men swarming around a jagged berg at the water's edge. The members of the *Polaris* staff, alias the Automatic Chess and Checker Club, were neither playing chess nor checkers. Neither were they picnicking. But they were picking, picking away at the iceberg with axes and shovels and knives. Having seen this much, the golfers turned and sped cityward at a much faster pace. They rode directly to the city court house.

The editorial staff of the *Polaris* were making remarkably good headway. Their efforts were evidently appreciated by the man inside, for he watched them with interest and smiled his approval. Merrily and rapidly they worked, until suddenly one of the editors noticed that the Chief of Police was watching them from the base

of the berg. The Editor-in-Chief, who always associated that official with the *Aurora Borealis*, was inclined to be angry.

"What can we do for you?" he inquired gruffly.

"Afraid I'll have to ask your young men to quit. It's my move and I'm going to make it," and the officer smiled grimly. "I'm acting in the name of the municipality," he continued, after giving time for the workers to gather about him, "and here's what the law of the municipality says about destroying ice." Thereupon he drew from his pocket a scroll of walrus parchment and read aloud the law which has already been quoted.

The Editor-in-Chief was again the first to speak: "But, my dear sir, this isn't inside the corporate limits of Pole City!"

The Chief of Police pulled out his watch. "No," he said, slowly; "it's not just at present, but the Municipal Council is now being called to order and within fifteen minutes, at most, a law will be passed annexing it." Then he chuckled and departed.

There was silence for awhile. Every one was thinking hard. At length the Financial Editor, famed for getting people out of tight places, mounted the seat of the tally-ho and laid a plan before the expectant staff. The ordinance relating to the cutting of ice, he said, expressly exempted that which was used to construct houses or for public improvements. Their sawing and picking would be legal, therefore, if they built a row of summer cottages on the beach with the ice they removed, and connected them by a road. The plan was no sooner proposed than it was put into execution. All had more or less architectural ability, and the houses put up by the Polaris Construction Company — as they laughingly called themselves — were not such bad affairs after all. They were just icing the dormer windows of the third cottage when the Chief of Police appeared again. He hastened his pace as he drew nearer. "Stop! stop!" he shouted.

"Why stop, my friend?" called back the Financial Editor tantalizingly. "We are complying with the law," and he pointed proudly to the row of trim little villas along the beach.

"Ah, ha!" said the Chief of Police. "You did just what I thought you would." Then, after assuring himself that communication had not yet been opened up with the man in the berg, he continued. "Your Legal Editor might have told you that you had

to have a permit from the Department of Public Improvements."

"We will send for permits now, if you insist."

"I'll save you the trouble," said the Chief of Police. "I have just left the Commissioner and I can assure you that he will not issue any permits for roads or buildings in the annexed district until it has been surveyed by the city. That work will begin in about a month. Better go on with the game. It's your turn to move." This speech was accompanied by such unmistakable gestures that the whole staff piled into the tally-ho and were soon homeward bound. The Chief of Police remained for a while peering in at the man in the iceberg. Then he, too, went home.

For the two weeks after that the great iceberg was undisturbed. Reporters were assigned by each of the journals to watch it, but their positions were sinecures. Every now and then, one or the other would sneak back to the city, to return before long with a mysterious valise or hamper, the contents of which he would share with his companion. On these occasions it was observed that the man inside the iceberg would go to his cupboard, take down one of the sundry flasks and jugs which he kept there, and pour out something. Then, raising his glass, and smiling at them through the ice, he would drain it, apparently to the speedy success of their undertaking. So, with conviviality both within and without the iceberg, the time passed merrily by.

With the near approach of its edition came a message to the representative of the *Polaris*. It was from his Managing Editor and intimated in unambiguous terms that he "had better get something done." So, when he next came back from town, he was supplied with all the apparatus for carrying out a most artfully conceived scheme. Under the long skirts of his mackintosh were hidden eleven lengths of jointed fishing-rod. At the end of the first joint was a three-quarter-inch auger. "Take these around to the sheltered side, and I'll join you in five minutes," he said, handing his rival a small roast turkey and a black bottle.

Three minutes later he was perched on a little projection half way up the berg, boring away for dear life. When he reached the end of one joint, he put on another and twirled that. He had calculated just where the ice was thinnest and he hoped that in five minutes more he could reach the chamber inside, and then use the

hole he had bored as a speaking tube through which to interview the man within. The *Aurora Borealis* man had eaten the wishbone and a drumstick before it occurred to him that his companion had remained behind for an unreasonably long time. He wondered about it for ten minutes more, devoured a wing, and then started on a tour of inspection. Rounding the corner he was struck with horror at the discovery of the way in which he had been outwitted.

There was not a moment to lose. With the black bottle still in his hand, he dashed to the berg and began to clamber up its slippery side. It was slow work and the *Polaris* man was turning the drill like mad. Frantically, the long rod was pulled out and thrown aside, making a great clatter. The *Polaris* man was now fairly dancing up and down with excitement, and shouting down the hole at the top of his voice. "Hello, there! hello! hi, you, inside there. Please come to the speaking tube. Over this way, where the stick came through. Hi-i-i!" There was no answer. "I'm reporter from the *Polaris*," he yelled, and then listened. "From the *Polaris*," he repeated. "Say, has there been a war?"

By this time the *Aurora Borealis* man had reached a ledge only fifteen feet away, but to save his life he could not have come nearer, for the intervening ice was smooth as glass and entirely too steep to climb. His foot touched a jagged piece of loose ice and it gave him an idea. He laid down the black bottle, seized the lump, and, taking careful aim, hurled it with all his might. It would have struck his rival squarely on the side of the head, if he had not at that very moment bent down and placed his ear to the hole.

"Did you say yes? . . . There was a war? Did we win?"

There was no more broken ice on the ledge, but there was still the black bottle, half full, a formidable projectile. The *Polaris* man was listening with one ear, and with one eye was watching every movement of his assailant. He could not dodge without getting up and perhaps losing the answer to his question. The bottle caught him full in the forehead and broke. The heavy cap he wore kept the fragments away from his face, but the blow almost stunned him, the liquor got into his eyes and down his neck, and a piece of the glass cut his finger. He reeled, missed his hold, and half slid, half rolled down the berg to the bottom.

The *Aurora Borealis* man made a hurried detour and at last

reached the little round hole in the ice. At his belt hung the canteen in which all Arctic reporters carry ice water. "Still there?" he called. "Ja," came the response. He emptied the whole two quarts of water into the tube. There was a great sputtering at the other end, and a cry of "Donnerwetter!" Then a few bits of ice were stuffed into the opening and the water froze, sealing it completely.

The representative of the morning paper was sitting up at the bottom of the berg feeling his bruises. "You might just as well have finished that turkey," he shouted. "I got my story in spite of you. He answered my questions."

His triumphant cry in reality only half expressed the situation. It was true that his questions had been answered, but a pair of simple affirmatives were not much on which to base the only important story of a decade. "They had a war," he mused, "and we won. That's every bit I know about it." There was nothing for it but to trudge back to town. The reporter did not relish the idea of facing his City Editor empty handed, and on the way in he racked his brains for some plausible excuse, but all to no purpose. Then the sign of the Red Walrus caught his eye, and he went in. He was cold and wet, and wanted something to warm him up. He was shaky, and wanted something to give him confidence, so he ordered a cocktail, one of the famous whale-oil cocktails. "That'll fix you," said the bartender. It did.

"Got your story?" asked the City Editor, a few minutes later, as the reporter took off his coat in the office. "Story?" he gurgled. "Just watch me," and then began to write.

He forgot his bruises, forgot that he really knew nothing about his subject, forgot everything but the joy of letting his fancy carry him whither it would. The lurid details of the Anglo-American war that sprang from his fertile pen threw Gettysburg and Balaclava and Thermopylæ into the shade. Not a feature was omitted. There were the names of the generals (colonels and majors picked out of an old Army Register and promoted), the names and dates of battles, with rough maps and sketches, concluding with a full account of the siege and sack of London, quotations from the Treaty of Peace, and even circumstantial descriptions of the particular indiscretions by which each one of the popular heroes lost his prestige after the war was over. It took up three

pages and a special supplement. Pole City fairly gloated over it. The reporter was put in charge of the foreign correspondence.

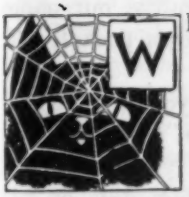
Nearly all the rest of the paper was given up to the description of a great storm which had torn two shutters off the Red Walrus, cracked the dome of the Town Hall, blown the great seal off the Pole, and carried away the great iceberg, "which has been a most picturesque object beside the road to the Olympic race track." People wondered at the latter item, because very few had noticed that iceberg at all, and none thought its appearance noteworthy. Icebergs were so common. At any rate, this one had floated seaward, to drift, no one knew whither.

Six months later, just as the Managing Editor of the *Aurora Borealis* was beginning to make up the forms for his first pages, a little storm-tossed whale boat with three half-frozen sailors on board drifted into the friendly harbor of Pole City. At once, half the population of the town gathered in front of the newspaper offices to learn what tidings the derelict brought. The *Polaris*, which was famous for the promptness with which it bulletined news, paid no attention at all to the event, unusual though it was. Gradually the crowd deserted the square in front of its office, and strolled down the street to the *Aurora Borealis* building. Presently the Editor, who had borne a sour visage ever since the big "beat" of six months before, came down the steps arm in arm with the Chief of Police. They were chuckling and digging each other in the ribs, and they actually "hippety-hopped" all the way to the Red Walrus. The crowd began to buzz with amazement. Then the head copy boy came out and put up a bulletin. It contained only a single line, but it was enough to keep the crowd in good humor. This was all it said:

"THE WAR WAS WITH SPAIN, NOT ENGLAND."

Smith, Smith, Smith & Smith.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.



HEN a man has long had a bitter enemy, and one day that enemy is found dead on a man's premises with every mark of having come to his death by foul means, it goes hard with a man, and especially so if some one had once or twice overheard him threaten the life of that particular enemy.

How much harder must it go with a man so situated if, a few minutes after his enemy is dead, that man is seen to typewrite and dispatch to a friend the information: "Have killed Juzobe!"

Exceedingly hard — especially when the enemy's name is Juzobe.

James Miller was so situated. For years Juzobe had been his most bitter enemy and on a certain day in June, after Miller had been heard to threaten Juzobe's life, Juzobe was found dead at the back of Miller's house, with his skull crushed in at the top.

True, the body was found directly beneath an open third-story window, from which a person might have fallen accidentally. But Miller did not put forward any such defence. He did not say, as he might have said, that his visitor, while sitting in the third-story window, had fallen out accidentally and been dashed to death. In fact, Miller said nothing whatever in his own behalf — nothing to lift the dark cloud of suspicion resting upon him.

He seemed entirely indifferent to everything, and appeared not to care whether fate should condemn and execute him or set him honorably free. He settled speedily into a deep apathy.

Smith, Smith, Smith & Smith was a law firm in San Francisco, where the death of Juzobe occurred, and on Miller's arrest the head of the firm sought the accused at once, and offered to defend him.

The Four S's were four brothers, to whom the law was a thing which could be wrenched!

Miller thanked the lawyer for his kind offer, but said he hadn't any money to waste for a defence. He was worth a couple of millions — and the four Smiths, though new arrivals, were aware of the fact. They offered to defend Miller for nothing.

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"What do you expect to get, then?" questioned the millionaire.

"Reputation, honor, advertising!" promptly responded the elder Smith. "Our firm is a new one in the West, but should we clear you, Mr. Miller, whom everybody thinks guilty, our name will be in everybody's mouth, our card in everybody's pocket, and we will be the talk of the town."

"Sir," said the prisoner, with a cynical smile, "your firm may be a very able one, but you can't clear me! Stop," he added, as Smith was about to speak. "I don't mind telling you that I held Juzobe out of my third-story window and let him drop on his head thirty feet below. He lived like a dog and he died like a dog. Good afternoon."

The representative of the Four S's was disconcerted for a moment only. He spoke not a word, but his looks said as plain as print, "Oh, is that all, my dear sir?" Then he got closer to Miller and set him aright. He explained to the prisoner that it did not amount to a string of dried peas whether he were guilty or not — the question was, Could the law be wrenched? His own opinion was that it could, and he begged Miller to let the attempt be made, if only to show what could be done in such a case — just to see how hard a legal nut S., S., S. & S. *could* crack. "But," he added, "just keep quiet — don't talk."

Miller looked a trifle bored, but said: "Very well, sir, go ahead; only, remember this — whether you clear me or not I don't give a rap, and I won't pay you a cent. But, just out of curiosity, I should like to know how you expect to clear me, after that note I sent to Wilson."

The senior Smith rubbed his hands and replied slowly: "My dear sir, to clear you, in the face of that note, will certainly be no easy task. But then, half a dozen possible courses have already occurred to me. We might, for instance, show that you were — ahem — insane, at the time of the affair, and so, of course, not responsible."

The prisoner smiled his peculiar smile again, and said indifferently, "And what do you expect me to do or say?"

"Nothing, my dear Mr. Miller" — the lawyer hastened to answer — "nothing in the world, especially to newspaper reporters, except to say that you have retained us as your counsel."

So Miller put himself into the hands of the Four S's, whose chief and representative departed after a few more words, his heart full of ambition and his bald head full of ideas, rather vague, it is true, as to how he and his brethren were to clear a self-confessed murderer, and that night, as the four economical Smith brothers lay side by side, spoon-fashion, in their big four-poster, it seemed to them, individually and collectively, that they had assumed gratuitously a rather big job. But the ditch was of their own choosing, and now they must either leap over or fall in.

First they considered, only to reject, the defence of insanity. For, though insanity may be a good plea in some places, it was growing monotonous in San Francisco, where the really insane always took other grounds of defence. Next they considered and finally put aside the contention that their client had been forced to kill Juzobe in self-defence. Then they canvassed the merits of three or four more defences, all master strokes when fresh, but now much too worn to serve. Then the four Smith brothers turned over and fell asleep from sheer weariness.

The next day the senior Smith called upon his client in a rather doubting mood, but to his surprise found Miller an entirely altered man. He had emerged from apathy and, grasping his lawyer's hand welcomed him eagerly, even fervently.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "if you will clear me of this murder charge and restore me to liberty, I'll pay you for your services the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, in cash."

The lawyer looked at his client with something like suspicion. Perhaps Miller, after all, really was insane!

"Yes," the prisoner exclaimed passionately, gripping the attorney's hands until they almost bled, "I mean it — every word of it. Yesterday I thought her dead whom Juzobe parted from me with his fiendish falsehoods. But he lied like a cur. She is living — I saw her through these bars, ministering to the prisoners, like the angel she is. Yes, she lives! She shall know I was not false! We shall be united after all these years, and that wretch cannot come from his grave to prevent it!"

"My dear Mr. Miller," cried the lawyer, finally tearing his hands loose, and himself trembling between cupidity and fear, "calm yourself, and be assured that no stone shall be left unturned

in your defence. Two hundred thousand dollars, you say? We'll just sign a contract for that."

"Certainly," replied Miller.

The firm of Four S's had set out to do the impossible. Well, why not? It had done it once before, to while away a rainy afternoon! It had squared the circle! The circle was made of fine wire, and the four brothers, one at each corner, had pulled the slim circle square, and compared measurements. So they put their heads together to simplify the terms of their new problem, and reached these conclusions:

First: Miller's defence must be cut out of whole cloth.

Second: The fatal note which he had sent to his friend Wilson just after the death of Juzobe, reading "Have killed Juzobe," must be thrown out of the case, for that was the keystone of the prosecution's arch of strength — the all conclusive evidence against the prisoner's innocence.

If the three words constituting that brief epistle could but be set aside and rendered invalid, then nothing but circumstantial evidence remained to be argued away.

But could the incriminating words be eliminated? Miller had written the note on his typewriter in the presence of two servants of unimpeachable veracity and, having sealed it, had sent it at once to Wilson by one of the servants. The other accompanied him, and they returned together, as Wilson was not at his club, bearing the sealed note, which had not been out of their possession. At Miller's door they surrendered it to an officer, stationed there on the discovery of Juzobe's body. A detective had been watching the premises ever since. Yes, James Miller stood on record, a self-confessed murderer, unless that note could be discredited.

But the Smith brothers were lawyers who practised on the theory that there is nothing that one man can do that another may not wrench from its real meaning and, that being the vital point of their case, they sat up that evening discussing it in every conceivable aspect. The three elder brothers did most of the talking, while the younger smoked — and thought. He had consumed their slender supply of tobacco by the time they were ready to climb into the four-posted bed, when suddenly he brought the pipe down with a blow that scattered ashes in all directions. The

younger Smith had been seized by an idea. It was midnight before he convinced his brothers that it was feasible, and long into the small hours when, tired but cheerful, he crawled into the four-poster to rejoin them, with the assurance that it would work.

When the case of the State of California vs. James Miller came to trial, the prosecution put in the strong and apparently impregnable case with which the press had made the public familiar. When it rested, the representative of S., S., S. & S. stated that he should produce but two witnesses.

The cross-examination of the servants of James Miller had established the fact that, for many months previous to the death of Juzobe, Miller had been accustomed to write to his friend Wilson, inviting him to supper, and that on the afternoon of the day on which Juzobe came to his death their master had, at the usual time, typewritten a note which they had taken to Wilson's club, and of which they identified the envelope. They also swore to the fact that the typewriter on which the invitation was written had been returned but a few hours before from the repairer's.

The officers and detectives engaged on the case all testified that no one but themselves and counsel had had access to the Miller premises since the hour of the tragedy.

Then the two witnesses for the defence — a typewriter repairer and his apprentice — were sworn. The former testified that he had overhauled Mr. Miller's machine, found several of the steel types defective, and replaced them by new ones.

At this point the senior Smith asked his witness to put a blank sheet of paper into the typewriter — which had been brought from Miller's by order of the Court — and write the words of the famous message: "Have killed Juzobe." He did so, and was about to take the sheet from the machine — which was not of the visible writing type — when Smith hastily stopped him and, removing the sheet himself, placed it face downward upon the table.

"Will you now," said Smith to the court stenographer, "kindly write on this machine the words the witness has just written?"

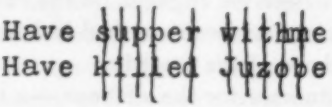
There was a moment of intense stillness and expectancy in court as the official complied. Smith handed the two sheets to the State's attorney, who, the moment he glanced at them, flushed, and then turned deathly pale with anger and mortification.

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury," said Smith, passing the papers to the Court, "the words which the witness and the official stenographer have just written are, as you will all see, identical, and read:

"'Have supper withme.'"

Amid the wave of excitement that greeted this unexpected and significant demonstration, the repairer's shop boy was put on the stand and testified that, after his master had laid out the new steel letters to be attached to the type bars, and while his employer's back was turned, he had transposed some seven or eight pairs of letters as they lay ready to be fastened in place, "just for deviltry," and had delivered the machine at Miller's at once.

The peculiar result upon the first sentence written by Miller after the return of the machine was then illustrated by his counsel in the following diagram, which he held up to view, at the same time running a pen through the transposed letters it contained, and pointing out that his client had written the message so rapidly that he had omitted a space between the words "with" and "me":



Little heed was paid after that to the closing arguments or the judge's charge. The jury had already decided the case, and after a brief absence returned the formal verdict of "not guilty."

It was generally considered a strange coincidence that set James Miller free to marry the woman of his choice. It certainly was a remarkable one that the name of the apprentice should chance to be Smith. But it is not at all strange that his invaluable testimony in the case that brought fame and fortune to the Four S's should be rewarded by a lucrative position with that firm — which will in the near future become Smith, Smith, Smith, Smith & Smith.

John Carroll's Thaumaturgy.*

BY FRANK WOODBRIDGE.

EARS of relentless litigation had almost dissipated the fortunes of two wealthy and reputable families of southern Indiana, when a final decision of the Supreme Court vested in the Whitworths the right, title and possession of "Longview." This large and valuable estate — noted in that locality as a model farm — had been the home of the Carrolls for more than three generations. All had become prosperous, wealthy and influential men up to the time the late Abner Carroll assumed the management.

Abner had extravagant habits, a mania for improvement and a reckless manner of borrowing funds that soon involved him in legal complications. After his death his two sons, Charles and John, took up the legal fight, and as the battles waged hotter and hotter, personal animosities arose. In a prolonged and heated argument, the accusation of forgery caused a personal encounter, in which Benjamin Whitworth nearly lost his life, and Charles Carroll chose to leave the country to avoid prosecution.

John Carroll, the younger brother — less belligerent in temperament — quietly withdrew to the little village and began, in a modest way, a life of toil. At the base of the sloping ground leading up to the low, rocky ridge or cliff that separated the town from Longview, he built a combined cottage and work-shop. In this little home he led the life of a recluse; courting no friendship and giving none. Those who knew him best averred that the loss of the old homestead had soured his mind and changed his character.

John was well educated, a philosopher and a genius. Being expert with all kinds of tools, he soon gained a reputation as an

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excellent repairer of all kinds of machinery, and, with such work of this nature as he found to do, he seemed content.

Ben Whitworth and family took up their abode at Longview with every expectation of future happiness. The place was indeed a lovely one, and the view from the front of the residence, towards the east, was long and charming, as its name implied. To the rear of the house, and at the summit of the gently sloping hillside, was a low, rocky ridge, on the other side of which lay the village. Its top was covered by a dense grove of evergreen trees, which, on a hot summer day, presented a most inviting and refreshing appearance.

For three years the Whitworths led an uneventful life, meeting with indifferent success. During the fourth the products of the farm proved disappointing, and disease entered the household, carrying away the youngest child.

Distressed and heartsick, Ben Whitworth already considered his cup of misfortune about full, when reports were circulated in the village that fair Longview was *haunted*. Premonitions of this had come to him some time previous, but how had the secret which he supposed locked safely within his own breast become known to the world? Others must have beheld what he had seen but dared not mention; nor would he himself believe until forced to by a second visitation, which came one dark night, as he emerged from the rear of his dwelling. Stepping from the door into the pathway, he was suddenly confronted by a tall, ghostly warrior, who constantly menaced him with a gleaming sword. Although confused and frightened, he advanced upon the phantom warrior. When he rushed to attack the spectre it suddenly and mysteriously disappeared.

Whitworth decided that the whole affair must have been an apparition, caused by his highly nervous condition and the intense mental strain which he had recently undergone. But the second night afterward brought the same ghostly proceedings, and he then determined to remain within doors for a time, hoping the supposed hallucination would pass away. His worst fears were confirmed when reports reached Longview that persons from the village had not only seen the ghostly warrior, but had watched, on the evening previous, the strange antics of a silvery-white

horse as it pranced up and down and circled about his stable yard.

Thoroughly aroused and mystified, he was prepared for any wild alarm, when a cry came that night from the servants' quarters, in the rear of the house, that a "red devil" was peering in at the windows.

Seizing his rifle, he passed quickly out into the grounds and stationed himself where he could command a view. True enough! the "Red Devil" was there; evidently enjoying himself in a wild and weird dance on the kitchen roof. In the imperfect light, Whitworth fired shot after shot at the dancing demon, but without effect. The dance went on. Finally the red fiend vanished gradually from sight.

Many persons from the town had witnessed this last demonstration and had heard the shooting, and the immediate vicinity was soon in a state of alarm and intense curiosity. The following night an eager and excited crowd occupied "safe distance" hiding places about the grounds, only to wait in vain. Some time elapsed before the ghostly manifestations were resumed, but interest in them had not in the least abated.

At eleven o'clock, one night in the following week, a stately priest, with flowing white robes, was seen to emerge from the shrubbery and approach the dwelling. Mounting an invisible ladder, he inspected all the doors and windows; mounting and dismounting as it would seem necessary. Apparently satisfied with his final survey, the cautious priest climbed his ladder to the roof tower, where he began a pantomimic incantation, waving a white wand in air as if invoking from above. Presently a throng of winged red devils — all costumed alike — came circling through the air and congregated on the roof, where they began an hour of wild revelry — dancing, marching and counter-marching, all at the dictation and direction of the white-robed priest from his position in the roof tower. Just at midnight the red devils ceased their frolic and vanished. The priest deliberately descended his invisible ladder, and immediately became the target for a score of pistol bullets fired by watchers in ambush. Not heeding the well-aimed missiles, he passed quietly and solemnly into the shrubbery and was gone.

Whitworth's real trials now began. One by one his servants left his employ; his faithful wife gave evidence of breaking down, and was sent with the family to her father's home in northern Ohio, while he remained to guard the wreck that was left to him.

What did it all mean? "What have I done," he would exclaim, "to deserve this awful persecution?" He employed the best detective talent, and got the same report from all — it was beyond their ability to solve — and none could unravel the terrible mystery. Wise men came from far and near; saw — and departed. Philosopher John Carroll was induced to go as near the grewsome sight as the line fence on the ridge; witnessed the strange dance; was heard to mutter "just retribution"! and then returned to his den.

The strange manifestations recurred at irregular intervals during the winter months, and Ben Whitworth was in despair. Kind friends offered consolation and advice, but of no avail while this terrible blight on his happiness remained. His dear ones were separated from him, and his property had become almost untenable. In fact, as the only occupant he had become a morbid neurotic, and so at last he determined, if possible, to dispose of Longview and seek an abiding place where he might be unmolested. After many vain attempts to effect a sale, he finally accepted the terms of exchange offered by an eastern agency. As soon as the legal proceedings could be consummated he took his departure, accompanied by the best wishes of many sympathizing friends, and Longview had a new owner.

Less than a week after the departure of Ben Whitworth, the community was startled and shocked by a report of the death of John Carroll. He was found leaning over his writing table, his cold hand still holding a pen resting on the unfinished page of a letter to his brother Charles. The coroner's inquest attributed to heart disease the sudden and tragic ending of the career of this most peculiar man.

The coroner also decided to begin an investigation of startling revelations disclosed by the letter which death had interrupted. He discovered in the inner room, where Carroll was found, a veritable curiosity shop. It contained tools of all kinds, foot lathes and drills of the finest workmanship, and incomplete models

of the most intricate nature. In one corner was found a trap-door covering a well, walled with brick, that reached down to the roof rock of a low, narrow cavern beneath — the floor of which was about twenty feet below the trap-door. A ladder and water pipes occupied the well, the pipes extending to a small stream of the purest water.

Descending the ladder and following the stream for a considerable distance by the aid of lanterns, the explorers came suddenly upon a narrow chasm or fissure in the rock of the floor where the water of the stream fell over a sheer precipice and disappeared. The chasm was spanned by a bridge of heavy plank, and from this point the walls of the cavern contracted and the pathway narrowed so that two persons could not walk abreast. This long and dark passage came to an abrupt end, where a tall ladder was found in position. At the top of this ladder a sight of indescribable beauty met the gaze of the astonished beholders. A circular, dome-shaped grotto of nearly one hundred feet in diameter was entered, and the effect of the lantern lights upon the myriads of sparkling stalactites was startling and beautiful in the extreme.

A well defined path among the crushed stalagmites led across the floor of the grotto to the opposite wall, where a discovery awaited the astonished searchers that caused a profound sensation. Hewn into the face of the solid rock, for a distance of several feet, was a cavity, or chamber, containing a solid table, upon which rested a curious machine of wonderful and intricate construction — a machine composed of the most delicate clock-work, lenses mounted on slides and springs, together with levers, cylinders and weights in endless array. A complete calcium-light apparatus occupied one end of the table, and on the other end, back of a powerful, concentrating reflector, was a glass case, under which could be seen minute, automaton *red devils*. All faces blanched with suppressed excitement as with one accord they exclaimed, "The mystery of Longview!"

What was the location of this wonderful place? On further search a small telescope was found imbedded in the rock at the further end of this hewn-out chamber. Applying the eye it disclosed a close and clear view of the mansion at Longview. Evidently the outer face of this wall of natural rock must be the face

of the ledge on the hillside back of the residence. This being satisfactorily settled, the search was continued. A bright, cone-shaped metal extension from the glass case of automata seemed to reach into the rock, and, in order to make a better examination, it was decided to remove the case.

Therein was made an irreparable error, the magnitude of which can only be conjectured. By this one thoughtless gratification of eager curiosity, science and the world lost the most wonderful invention and discovery of modern times.

When the glass case was pulled back, the small adjusting wires of the delicate, demarcated chromatic lens were torn loose and the lens fell outward and was broken into fragments on the rocks below. It had been adjusted in the apex of the bright metal cone, flush with the outer face of the rock, and so hidden among the lichens and moss as to be undiscoverable.

This lens, the result of many years of study and patient experiment, was in itself *the essential* portion of this most wonderful machine. Its shape and mode of construction were known only to John Carroll, and, as the secret died with him, the apparatus remains incomplete and worthless.

Following is the letter:

DEAR BROTHER:

I am not feeling well to-day, due, possibly, to the reaction from my extreme exultation over the fulfilment of my vow to you on the eve of your departure, *that Ben Whitworth should not enjoy life at Longview*. Yes! It is more than fulfilled; I have driven him from the country. How it was done will ever remain a secret to all save you and me.

You will recall that I described in a former letter the wonderful cave under the ridge that I discovered while digging my well. In making a rough survey and plan of the cavern, I found that the grotto wall must be very thin next to the ledge above Longview. It occurred to me that we were particularly unfortunate in not knowing of its existence when Longview was ours. How easily a passage could have been constructed from the base of the cliff up into the grotto. I pondered over it often and long. Then, as my great invention neared completion, came the idea of using this subterranean discovery to make Ben Whitworth's life a burden.

The demarcated chromatic lens that I had worked so laboriously upon for more than two years proved capable of all that I had planned, producing clear-cut figures projected into space, without attendant intervening rays of light that would disclose their origin. When the machine was set up in the grotto — a first-class place for experimental exhibitions — I had rare sport with ghosts and dancing devils. When all was ready I began blasting and cutting for a chance to turn the machine upon our enemy. Finally this was accomplished — only two small holes being needed through the face of the cliff — one each for the lens and telescope. I had great trouble at first to get the proper focus on the surroundings at Longview, but when I *did*, I could start the clock-work and have an hour's interesting entertainment. How I did enjoy Ben's discomfiture — especially when he resorted to firearms to drive away ghosts. Ah! It was a merry game.

The mystery grew popular. Savants investigated and gave it up. Even I was importuned, and had the pleasure of going upon the ridge and viewing the operation of my own invention.

Now that this work has been accomplished, I shall wait a year or more before carrying out my original design of giving public exhibitions. Should I thus acquire the wealth I hope to, I may see another dream of mine realized — that of your return, and our again gaining possession of Long . . .

Here the letter ended, where Death had arrested the writer's hand, but enough had been disclosed to completely dispel the mystery of Longview.

The Courting of Mirandy.*

BY JAMES F. B. BELFORD.

THERE was no doubt in any one's mind that Mirandy was the belle of Broncoville. There were other girls — French, breed, and Canadian — not counting Sleepy Star, the pride of old Prairie Dog's teepee; but Mirandy was easily first. And she deserved to be. Big, bright and bouncing, with glorious eyes, sparkling with life, which looked at you fully and frankly. Long, lustrous hair, which swept behind her like a cloud as she urged her wiry little cayuse over the grass. Light as a fawn in the dance, merry and cheerful in company, she was at once the delight and despair of us all — excepting Old Sam, who had wooed and won a two hundred and fifty pound French half-breed, and young Tibbets, who was fresh from the East, and had been caught smiling and crying before a photograph. But though we all loved Mirandy, and were, individually and collectively, ready to fall at her feet, it was still painfully apparent that some of us were bound to be disappointed. And as time went by, one by one, most of us gradually dropped out of the running. Not that we loved Mirandy less, but that we realized the hopelessness of our case. At last only two were left, and, try as we would, we could not discover which was to be the lucky man.

Bill Simmons owned a good claim, with a decent shack, a good string of ponies and a nice bunch of cattle. He was a tall, good-looking fellow, rode well, danced well, and was always ready for anything that came along.

Jack Fraser was shorter by three inches, but fine looking and

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* The author of this story received a cash prize of $100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest closing February 26, 1902.

well set up. He was equally well endowed with land, ponies and cattle, and was reputed the toughest man in a scrap in the country.

Both of them were madly in love with Mirandy, which was only natural, but what did seem strange was that, in spite of their rivalry, they were the best of friends. Generally, when two fellows are after the same girl, each of them just yearning to lie down and let her trample on him, there isn't much love lost between them. But Bill and Jack were different. They had struck the country together, had lived on the same claim, in the same shack, for three years, eating each other's bannock and pork, and were known far and wide as the "two chums."

When you saw Bill anywhere you could safely reckon Jack was not far away. And if Jack got into a row, as he sometimes did, Bill's tall figure was sure to shoot into sight presently.

And Mirandy made no difference in their friendship. Bill was determined to win her, Jack was just as resolute, but that was no reason why the friendship of years should be broken up. They had a perfect understanding on the matter. Each had his own particular night on which he "set up" with Mirandy, and the other never intruded.

Bill took her to the service in the schoolhouse one Sunday, and sat beside her in the narrow seat, holding one corner of her prayer-book, or singing the same hymn, looking as happy as a clam, while Jack was back in the corner with the boys. And the next Sunday they would change places, Jack getting the prayer-book and Bill the corner. If Bill drove her to the Temperance Lodge, Jack escorted her to the spelling-match. Even at a dance they broke even, and divided round dances and breakdowns impartially. Since they had to oppose one another, they, at least, would fight fair.

And Mirandy, you couldn't see any difference in the way she treated them. It must have been trying for her — we always felt it must have been. Either of these chaps was just about all a fellow ought to be, and, take it all 'round, it was a living example of "the embarrassment of riches."

Broncoville is known all through the country for its races at the fall fair. The Agricultural Society had laid out as pretty a half-mile track as any horse could wish to run over, and we had

some mighty good horses, too. About a week before the fair came on, we heard that Jack and Bill had settled to run their ponies in the mile race, and that the losing man was to give up all claim on Mirandy. Jack had a little black pony and Bill a buckskin. Both of them were known to be fast, but their owners, being such chums, had never raced them against each other. But now on the speed of the black and the buckskin hung the fates of the boys and Mirandy.

There was a crowd at that fair. The news got pretty generally around the county, and every man, woman and child just naturally left everything and turned out. They came in democrats and in wagons, in buggies and in Red River carts, on sulkies and on horseback, on driving horses, mules and oxen, and old Ben Tripp had hitched his muley cow into the hay-rake and driven her in. There must have been a thousand people in Broncoville that day.

And the betting! Not so much on the horses as on the men. Some knew Jack better than Bill, and vice versa, and each backed the man he knew best. There were other horses running, but no one gave them the second thought. So when old Bob Clark, the hotel keeper and leading sport of the town, rang the bell for the mile race, the whole track was lined — men, women, children and Indians, just bracing themselves and yelling.

Mirandy was there. She was sitting in the parson's buggy, where she could see the whole course, and the people looked first at the horses and then at her. But it might have been a slow race for a bag of chop for all the difference you could see in Mirandy. The parson was a young chap the bishop had just got out from the East, a bit of a tenderfoot, of course, but great on football, and a fair good sport in his way. He liked a good horse, and a day after elk or chicken, and was not a bad fellow for all his surplice.

But I've got away from the race. The ponies started well together. You could see by their looks that the boys were dead in earnest. Crouched low over their horses' necks, their faces white and set, they meant to ride for all that was in it.

Round went the horses, and when they reached the judges' stand for the first half mile Bill and Jack were neck and neck, with the rest of the field nowhere. Everybody cheered again, that is, everybody but Mirandy. She sat there quiet as an oyster.

At three-quarters of a mile both were going strong and still even, when a measly yellow Injun dog ran out right in front of Bill's pony. Down went the bronco, and Bill went twenty feet up the track on his face, almost in front of the parson's buggy, where Mirandy was sitting. Quick as a flash the parson jumped from the buggy and grabbed Bill, pulling him off the track. The rest of the horses came on with a rush, and I don't know to this day who won that race, for I was watching Jack. Just as soon as he saw Bill's pony fall, he set himself back in the saddle and pulled in his horse. He had that horse stopped and was by Bill's side almost as soon as the parson pulled him on to the grass. And you never saw a man look worse than Jack did. Bill was scratched and bloody, covered with dust, and the wind pretty well knocked out of him, but Jack was ghastly. I thought sure he would tumble over when he knelt by Bill. The doctor ran up and felt Bill all over, said there were no bones broken and that he would be all right in a day or two; and then Jack got right up and whooped. And the cheerful manner in which he kicked Howling Coyote across the track when that smoke-scented warrior wanted pay for his dog was an exhilarating treat.

When the crowd got over its scare, we began to wonder how this would affect the Mirandy question. The general consensus of opinion arrived at was that this game was a draw.

Jack took Bill home with him, and looked after his stock till he got over his shaking up. The parson drove Mirandy home. Things ran on much the same as before the race, all that fall.

We were all still wondering which of the boys would get Mirandy finally, when we heard they were going to have another try for it. Each of them had a good, smart team, and they were regarded as the two best axemen in the county. And so, when we heard the new plan of campaign, we were not much surprised. This was the idea: They were to start from the parsonage, each with his team, sleigh and axe, at ten o'clock Wednesday morning, drive to the woods from there, cut a measured cord of green poplar, bring it back to the parsonage and pile it, the first man done to be the winner, the stakes the same as before.

Well, of course, we all wanted to see the result. So we arranged a social that night at the schoolhouse, which was just

across the road from the parsonage. That was the most popular social ever held in Broncoville. The Ladies' Aid made a big thing that night. The schoolhouse would not begin to hold the crowd. Not that the crowd wanted to stay in. They'd rush in, pay their money, grab a paper bag full of sandwiches and doughnuts and rush out again to look up the North Road. And there they stood, munching the doughnuts and gazing. It was a long wait.

"Ought to have been here an hour ago," said Bob Campbell, and the crowd grunted assent. Even old Prairie Dog, who had come over on the chance of a tuckout, seemed anxious. But perhaps he was figuring on the amount of broken victuals that would fall to his share.

But at last, through the moonlight, a team was seen coming. Not slow and steady, as if drawing a load of green wood, but furiously, both horses on the run. A yell went up from the crowd, "They're racing." The parson had been in the schoolhouse talking to the women, but at the noise he came running out and the rest followed him, all except Mirandy. She filled up Prairie Dog's bag, which that thoughtful red man had brought on the off chance.

The team came up with a rush to the door, and there was Bill, driving, but no wood. In his arms he held Jack, pale and speechless, his foot nearly sliced off by his axe. After it was bound up, and Jack made comfortable in bed, Bill told the story.

They had just about finished cutting their wood, and were both working like mad, when Bill heard a yell and looking up saw Jack pitch off his log into the snow. He rushed over, and found his chum with the blood pouring out of a big gash in his foot. He fixed him up as well as he could, but it took a long time, and then started for town.

Well, of course we were no farther ahead. It did seem as if Mirandy never would get married. It was a trying situation. Kept us all puzzling while Jack lay at the parson's with his game foot, and Bill did his chores as well as his own. Spring came, the crops were put in with a rush, as they have to be out here, and then we had a few weeks to think things over.

Bill and Jack agreed that the third time would be the charm, and settle the affair, one way or another. They talked a long time as to how they would decide. Jack wanted to spin a quarter,

heads or tails, for first chance, but Bill wouldn't hear of it. He said it wasn't chivalrous. He had been reading a lot about the old knights and their lady-loves, in the spare minutes between Jack's chores and his own, and he said, "Mirandy can give points to any of them girls they made so much fuss about in the old days, and beat them, hands down, and it ain't fair to her if we let ourselves be laid over by any knight that ever wore an iron pot."

And Jack gave in. But it bothered them what to do. You see, there's no dragons, nor giants, nor enchanted castles nowadays, and King Arthur himself couldn't earn his salt at the knight business. But after much studying they got hold of a scheme. The wolves had been mighty bad in our county for the last year or two. You couldn't keep a sheep, and the way they gathered in the chickens and ducks was a terror. It may have been because Bill heard Mirandy saying that her last turkey-hen had disappeared the night before, but, anyway, they decided that for the next two months they would hunt wolves, and the man with the biggest pile of scalps should go in and win. From that on, you could hear the pop of a rifle most any time, day or night, and soon wolves got to be scarce as hen's teeth. They shot wolves, trapped wolves, poisoned wolves, and, incidentally, about half the dogs in the settlement. Bill found a den and dug up about eleven young ones, but Jack got back with two litters of five each and one old one.

Excitement again ran high. Old Mosey Pool bet his lame mare against Joe Willerton's brindle ox on Jack. The boys said nothing, but kept popping away. They drove all through the county, and the wolves fairly had to take to the bush.

The two months wore through, somehow, and Jack brought his pile of scalps over to Bill's for the final count. It happened that about fifty of us dropped in, promiscuous like, on Bill that morning; so we saw the count. First we counted out Jack's pile. Old and young, there were just ninety-seven scalps, all told. I saw Bill turn pale, and bet Joe Jackson a pound of chewing tobacco on Jack.

Then we started in on Bill's pile. One by one old Mosey counted them out. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven — sure as life it was a tie! They had killed the exact, identical, same number, and the game was no farther ahead.

Bill looked at Jack, and Jack looked at Bill. They shook hands and went out to the stable, intimating that we needn't follow, and we didn't.

Presently out comes Bill's driver. They hitched him into the buggy and started for Mirandy's place.

I wasn't there at the finish, — Bill drove too fast, — but Jake Cathers had crawled into the back of the buggy, being small, and he told me.

The boys never said a word during the trip, but drove up to the gate, tied up their horse, shook hands again, and went into the house. Jake crawled out of the buggy and sneaked over to the window where he could see and hear all that passed.

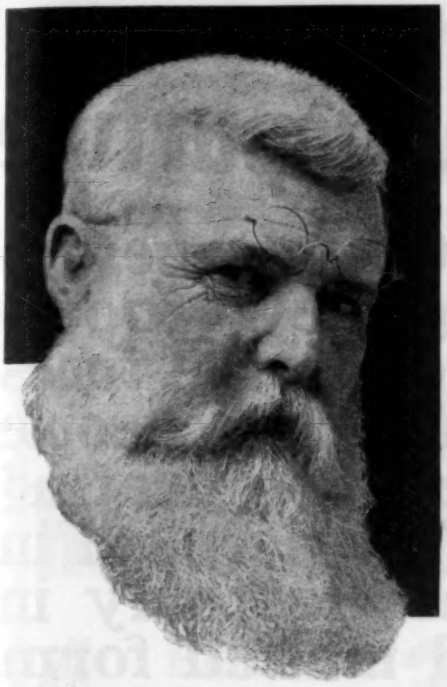
The parson was there, looking very happy, and with him old Mr. Blewett, the parson over at Mud Flats. Mirandy wasn't in sight, but her mother was, and the boys asked to see Mirandy. Her mother smiled a little, and then called Mirandy down. She came down the stairs looking as sweet as a peach in a new dark gray dress, and the boys straightened up for business.

"Mirandy," says Jack, "you know Bill and I have been courting you steady since you came to the settlement. We've tried to decide between ourselves which one should have right of way, and now we want you to take your pick, and the other fellow will be best man."

"Boys," says Mirandy, "I'm sorry I can't fall in with your idea — I married the parson about an hour ago, and I'm afraid I can't settle the matter for you. And, boys," says she, "the next time you try to settle an affair like this you had better ask the girl's opinion first."

Well, it staggered the boys, Jake says, but they braced up, shook hands with the parson, kissed the bride and helped eat the wedding cake.

And next year, when old Mr. Blewett christened the parson's twins, Jack and Bill were godfathers.



SAVING UP FOR OLD AGE

MONEY NOT THE ONLY THING TO PUT BY.

POVERTY in old age is pitiable, but how much sadder is broken health. Proper food in youth insures health in old age. But if the body is slugged with wrong food or drink, good health cannot result. Many are wise with money but wasteful of health.

You cannot save money if you squander it, nor save health if you waste it. More health is wasted on improper food and drink than in any other way. Coffee and tea contain strong drugs that directly affect the heart and other organs and the nerves. They have ruined many, and hurt nearly all who drink them. Sometimes coffee tears down tissue so rapidly that its ill effects are shown almost as soon as drinking it is begun. In others, it works so slowly that years pass before collapse. In a few, it apparently works no harm, and these are held up to the world by the unthinking as proof positive that "Coffee does not hurt."

Wrong nine times out of ten, for not more than one person in ten can drink coffee and not suffer. To prove this, see how many coffee drinkers you can find who are perfectly well. Maybe you have tried to stop and failed, because there are two ways and you tried the wrong one.

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Coffee injures nine out of ten.

POSTUM positively does restore health and vigor to the nervous coffee wreck.

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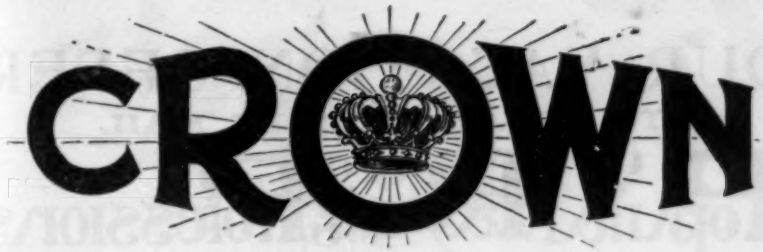

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In the circular you get you will be asked to send us $1.00. This amount, however, pays for a yearly subscription to either one of our monthly publications, "Modes and Fabrics" or "Gardiner's Magazine."

The lessons upon the subject of study called for by the contract certificate you hold may be ordered to commence any time during the year 1903. You understand, of course, that the Instruction Papers are mailed separately from the magazine, and are sent to you week after week until the course of study is completed.

We make this special subscription offer now as a means of keeping the circulation of our two magazines up to a high mark all the season through.

No Work, No Canvassing and No Further Charge

We do not ask anyone answering *this particular advertisement* to do any canvassing or any work for us of any kind, neither are you called upon to send us *any more money* in order to procure the course of study you have selected. 10c. in stamps will bring you a sample copy of either magazine.

A. P. GARDINER PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. 20 320 Broadway New York

Pabst

brews beer to suit the popular taste; some light and some dark, but all absolutely pure. It's not an experiment, but an assured fact, and thus the widespread popularity of **Pabst Blue Ribbon** is explained.

SEASHORE, LAKE and MOUNTAIN Resorts
of EASTERN & NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND and the MARITIME PROVINCES

Reached by the

Boston AND Maine RAILROAD.

FOR ALL PUBLICATIONS APPLY TO
PASSENGER DEPARTMENT, B.&M.R.R.
BOSTON, MASS.
D. J. FLANDERS, Genl Passr & Ticket Agt.

Illustrated descriptive pamphlet (containing complete maps) have been issued under the following titles, and will be mailed upon receipt of 2¢ in stamps for each book.

All Along Shore
Lakes and Streams
Fishing and Hunting
Among the Mountains
Southeast New Hampshire
Merrimack Valley
Southwest New Hampshire
Lake Sunapee
Valley of the Connecticut and Northern Vermont
Lake Memphremagog
The Ammonoosuc Country and Deerfield Valley
The Monadnock Region
Central Massachusetts

Portfolios:
NEW ENGLAND LAKES.
RIVERS OF NEW ENGLAND.
MOUNTAINS OF NEW ENGLAND
SEASHORE OF NEW ENGLAND.
PICTURESQUE NEW ENGLAND.
HISTORIC — MISCELLANEOUS
THE CHARLES RIVER TO THE HUDSON.
Will be sent upon receipt of 6 cents for each book

SUMMER TOURIST BOOK
GIVING LIST OF TOURS AND RATES, HOTEL AND BOARDING HOUSE LIST, AND OTHER VALUABLE INFORMATION. FREE.

ALSO COLORED BIRD'S EYE VIEW FROM MT WASHINGTON SENT ON RECEIPT OF 6 CTS IN STAMPS

Special California Tours

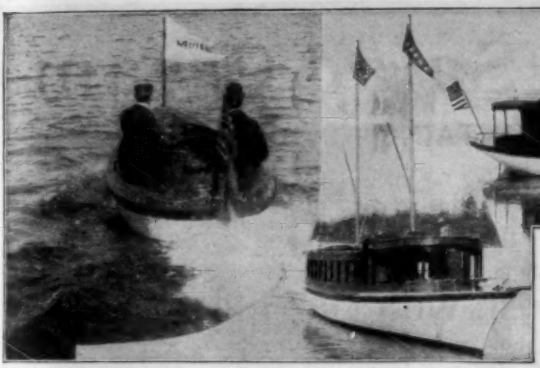
Coronado Beach.

Our personally-conducted excursions to California have been very successful.

I am now organizing several similar parties for July and August. Will gladly send you full particulars of special advantages offered. Rates very low. Accommodations excellent. The best California line will be used — the Santa Fe. Why not go this summer and enjoy Pacific Ocean breezes and snow-capped Sierras? En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona. An unusual opportunity — don't miss it.

Write to W. J. Black, 1312 Great Northern Building, Chicago, for full particulars and free copy of beautiful book about California.

Santa Fe All the Way



HANDSOME BOATS

Perfect running *Motors*. Agencies in principal cities 5 stamps for catalogue.

Truscott Boat Mnfg. Co.
St. Joseph, Mich.

LEARN ELECTRO PLATING

The well-known Paragon Plating Outfit, with accompanying printed instructions and harmless chemicals, enables **any one** to learn practical electro-plating; it is adapted for household use and small custom work. You can gold-plate watch-cases, jewelry, ornaments, etc., and silver-plate knives, forks, spoons, etc., and nickel-plate small articles of brass and steel.

Apparatus, with supply of gold - - $2.50
With silver or nickel, 2.00
With gold, silver and nickel, 3.75

Mailed on receipt of price by money-order or registered letter. Circulars and prospectus free. Manufacturers' **Plating Outfits**, for factory, workshop and custom work.
Address Dept. C, Electrotechnic and Chemical Co., (Inc.,)
(Agents Wanted.) **72 Washington Sq., South, New York City.**

"The Nation's pleasure ground and sanitarium."

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS.

The lakes and streams in the Adirondack Mountains are full of fish; the woods are inviting, the air is filled with health, and the nights are cool and restful. If you visit this region once, you will go there again. An answer to almost any question in regard to the Adirondacks will be found in No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series," "The Adirondacks and How to Reach Them," issued by the

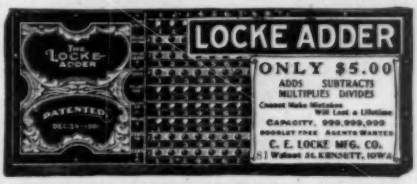
NEW YORK CENTRAL

A copy will be mailed free on receipt of a two-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

BEAUT-ifully printed name cards, the very swellest. You will have no other. 50 for 35c., postpaid. Samples for stamp. UNIVERSITY CARD CO., Station A, Cambridge, Mass.

BOOK-KEEPING TAUGHT FREE

A GOOD POSITION and a large salary always await an expert Book-Keeper. We teach you book-keeping thoroughly by mail, and make absolutely no charge for tuition until we place you in a paying position. If you wish to better yourself, write for our guarantee offer and our **FREE** book.
Commercial Correspondence Schools
236 Schools B'ld'g, Rochester, N.Y.



"Big Four"

The World's Fair Route
From the Leading Cities of

Ohio, Indiana and Illinois

To

St. Louis

Write for Folders

Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
W. P. Deppe, Asst. Gen'l P. A.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Alpha Salad Cream

CONTAINS NO OIL

The ideal Salad Dressing for all varieties of salads. It is also the ideal sauce or relish for Cold Meats, Canned Salmon, Shrimp or Lobster, Fish Cakes, Baked Beans, Cold Slaw, Cold Cauliflower or Asparagus, Cold Hash or on Sandwiches.

Alpha Salad Cream is absolutely pure. Never spoils.

THOSE WHO LIKE OIL

can add their favorite brand with perfect results.

We have thousands of testimonials — we will ask you to read but one.

ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., December 15, 1902

Messrs. H. J. BLODGETT Co., Inc., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen: — The first bottle of ALPHA SALAD CREAM eliminated all other salad dressings from our table and also did away with the expense and uncertainty of making mayonnaise dressing for special occasions, though our recipe was that of a famous chef, and had been a source of pride in the family, treasured for years by at least two generations.

We employ it for the inevitable using up of "scraps" and "left overs," eat it with meat like catsup, and it is the standard accompaniment of lettuce, tomatoes, etc., sometimes with French olive oil, but more often right out of the bottle.

It is rarely if ever absent from the table, and it is always taken along on picnics and excursions, for it makes the usually dry sandwiches moist and toothsome.

I write to thank you for placing such an article at our disposal. Yours, etc., Mrs. H— S. C—.

Name and address of sender supplied on receipt of postal card application.

Wonderland Pudding Tablets

One Tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly, more delicious, refreshing and nourishing than other desserts. **Also make delicious Ice Cream.** Package of 10 tablets, by mail, 10 cents.

The following testimonial letter is one of many we are daily receiving from housekeepers, commenting on the perfect and satisfactory quality of **Wonderland Pudding Tablets.**

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., January 3, 1903.

The H. J. BLODGETT Co., Inc., Boston, Mass. Gentlemen: — Your "Wonderland Pudding Tablets" have had a fairy-like effect on one of the most puzzling problems of the kitchen. The regular round of desserts is quickly exhausted in the average household and something new is sought. We have been using "Wonderland Pudding Tablets" for several months past and have not as yet exhausted their infinite variety. In their simplest form, as a "milk jelly," we find them far more refreshing than other desserts, exactly as you state, especially when thoroughly chilled, by standing outdoors in wintertime, or placing in the ice box in summer. Our first effort was a partial failure, because we did not comply with the perfectly simple directions. We saw the error and have never had a failure of any kind since.

We have two invalids in the family, both of whom were able to eat with benefit every dessert we have prepared with the Wonderland Pudding Tablets, and this is not true of any other form of dessert that has ever been on our table. "When in doubt" we have Wonderland Pudding of some form every time. Kindly send us one dozen boxes through our grocers, Messrs. — & —.

Yours truly, Mrs. J— R—.

Name and address will be given on application.

THE H. J. BLODGETT CO., Inc.,

Manufacturers of Alpha Salad Cream and Wonderland Pudding Tablets,

63 THAYER STREET, - - - BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE YOUR BABY COMFORTABLE

Quilted mattress protectors keep the crib clean and sweet—and the mattress always in a sanitary condition. These pads are quilted of bleached muslin, with pure white wadding of the finest grade between. Baby will be kept dry and free from fretting in warm weather. They wash perfectly. Good as new after laundering. Made in sizes to fit any bed or crib. Write for Free Sample. **Excelsior Quilting Co., 15 Laight St., N. Y.**

AGATE NICKEL-STEEL

Kitchen Utensils Having This TRADE MARK (burned in the enamel) are SAFE

AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE — L. G. Mfg. & Co.

We Make 1520 Kinds

There must be some reason why the Mfrs. of AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE attach a blue label to every piece showing Chemist's Certificates that the Enamel is absolutely free from poison. Cost any more? Yes, a little; send for booklet and see why.

LALANCE & GROSJEAN MFG. CO.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

WOMEN TO SEW at home. $1.50 per day. All material free paid. Send reply envelope for particulars and **Testimonials from Ladies now Sewing.** Universal Co., Dept. 211, Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES to do piece work at their homes. We furnish all material and pay from $7 to $12 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Send stamped envelope to ROYAL CO., Dept B. C., 34 Monroe St., Chicago, Ills.

Whenever you visit the shops in town
Looking for braid to bind your gown
Secure this brand wherever found

GOFF'S ANGORA

The Braid that's known the world around

GOFF'S ANGORA BRAIDS
are now put up in both 4 and 5 yd. pieces

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

For Hot, Tired, Aching Swollen Feet.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. 30,000 testimonials. Try it *to-day*. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

BE YOUR OWN CHIROPODIST. We have a handsome 20-page illustrated booklet on "How to have Easy, Healthy, Shapely Feet," which we will mail to any address for a 2c. stamp. Bunions **CAN** be cured. The booklet tells you how to do it in your own home without cutting and without the slightest inconvenience. It also tells about the prevention and removal of corns, ingrowing toe-nails and the treatment of all kinds of foot troubles

FOOT REMEDY CO., Suite 547, 59 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FAT IS FOLLY

when it can be reduced easily, conveniently and best of all, **Safely**, by the use of

La Parle OBESITY SOAP.

This Obesity Soap (used like an ordinary soap) positively reduces fat, without dieting or gymnastics. Absolutely harmless, never fails to reduce flesh when directions are followed. *Send for book of testimonials.* Box of 2 cakes sent prepaid on receipt of **$2.00.**

Norwood Chemical Co., St. James Bldg., N.Y.

MANY ADVANTAGES.

Perfect in fit, never ragged or uncomfortable. Very convenient, stylish, economical. Made of fine cloth and exactly resemble linen goods. Turn down collars are reversible and give double service.

NO LAUNDRY WORK.

When soiled, discard. **Ten collars or five pairs of cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Send 6c. in U. S stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. O, Boston.

I Print My Own Cards

Circulars, Newspaper. Press **$5.** Larger size, **$18.** Money saver. Big profits printing for others. Type-setting easy, rules sent. Write for catalog, presses, type, paper, &c., to factory.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

EYE BOOK FREE!

Tells how all Eye and Ear Diseases may be cured at home at small cost by mild medicines. It is handsomely illustrated, full of valuable information, and should be read by every sufferer from any eye or ear trouble. This book is written by Dr. Curts, originator of the world-famed Mild Medicine Method, which without knife or pain speedily cures most hopeless cases. Dr. Curts offers to send this Book absolutely FREE to all who write for it. Address, Dr. F. Geo. Curts, 353 Shukert Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

Too Fat

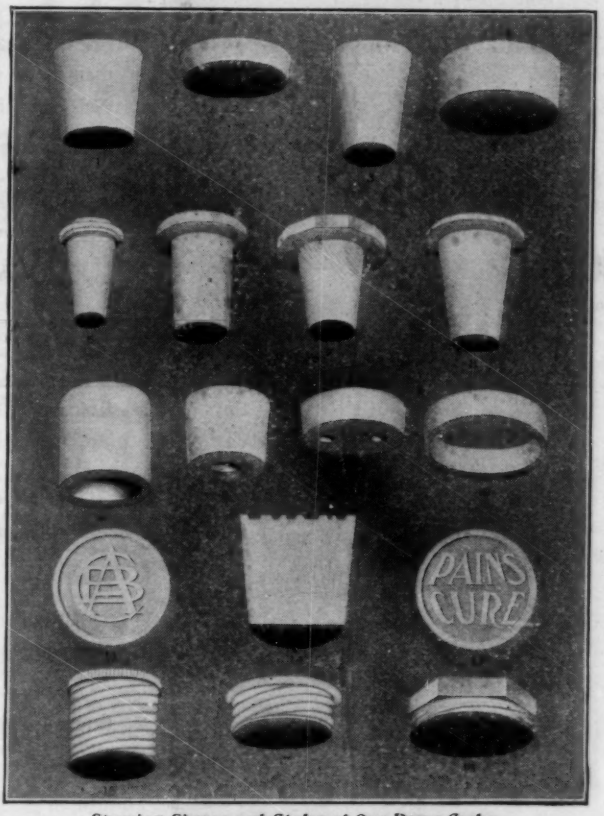
Don't ruin your stomach with a lot of useless drugs. Our method is perfectly safe, natural and scientific. It strengthens the heart, allows one to breathe easily and takes off Double Chin, Big Stomach, Fat Hips, etc. Send your address and 4 cts. to the Hall Chemical Co., "Box K. A.," St. Louis, Mo., for Free trial Treatment. No starving. No sickness. It reduces weight from 5 to 15 lbs. a month, and is perfectly harmless.

PAPER CORKS

An opportunity for readers of The Black Cat to get in on the GROUND FLOOR of the greatest invention and industrial enterprise of recent years: the manufacture of Corks, Gaskets and Stoppers from waste paper. This wonderful invention promises to be the biggest money maker of the age

ALMOST every great discovery and invention which has resulted in the making of a standard article of every day use at a lower cost and in a better way is now owned by some great trust with millions of dollars of capital and is controlled by men of great wealth. One of the most important of all has been overlooked. For hundreds of years the bark of the cork tree has been the only known substance from which corks have been made. The process is practically the same now as a hundred years ago. There has been no improvement, no progress. On the other hand, cork has become scarcer and scarcer until it is almost doubling in cost every year. THE SUPPLY is not equal to the demand, and is rapidly becoming exhausted until users of fine grades of cork find it difficult to secure them. Scarcely any one thing is in such common use and such great demand as corks.

The most remarkable invention of the past century has just been perfected and patented by us in this country and in all foreign countries. A machine the size of a sewing machine, which makes CORKS out of waste paper. All kinds of waste and scrap paper can be made into corks. These corks are superior to the regular corks, as they are not affected by acids, oils, etc., and have been tested by leading chemists, and the largest users of corks in the United States, and by them pronounced as far superior to the old style of corks in every way. Each one of our machines will make over 300 corks per minute. Corks can be made any size, color or shape and name or trade-mark can be stamped in the top of each cork as made. OUR CORKS CAN BE SOLD AT ONE-TENTH THE PRICE OF REGULAR CORKS, which are rapidly advancing in price owing to the scarcity of cork bark, but we can get even higher prices, as **OUR CORKS ARE BETTER.** We have contracts for millions of our corks, and it is necessary for us to establish plants for making them in all sections of the country. We have formed a National Company to handle this business, and now offer a limited amount of the stock of this Company to those having a little money to invest, at $1.00 per share. On July 20th, the price will be advanced to $2.00 per share, and within a year will, we believe, be worth $50 per share, as by our patents we should absolutely control the cork market. We shall appoint local representatives from among our stockholders, and a few dollars invested now should make you well-to-do and give you an income for life, as this Company will earn millions of dollars per year. WE CAN HAVE NO COMPETITION, AS WE OWN ALL PATENTS. Only a limited amount of this stock is offered, and over thirty thousand dollars' worth was subscribed for in our own city the first day it was offered. Not over $500 will be sold to any one person in a locality, as we wish to scatter this stock over the country in order to make a national introduction of our corks at once.



Showing Shapes and Styles of Our Paper Corks
Under our process any size, shape, and color of corks are made by one machine.
The trade mark or name of firm can be stamped in each cork as made.
Screw thread corks for pickle jars, soda bottles, etc., are also covered by our patents.

We believe we are offering the readers of THE BLACK CAT an opportunity to secure a safe investment that will bring them the largest profits of any legitimate industrial enterprise ever operated. Unlike the usual methods, we have incorporated for a comparatively small sum, and only a limited amount of stock will be sold to the public. We refer to the Germania Trust Co., of St. Louis, one of the largest banks here, who are registrars of the stock, insuring to you that only the proper amount of stock can be issued or sold. You cannot be assessed. You cannot be "frozen" out. All the branch companies being established in this country and foreign countries to manufacture corks under our patents will be owned by this company. All sums received for royalties on our rights go to the owners of the stock in this company. In fact, this company in which you now have the opportunity to secure a little of the stock will itself become the "Trust" which controls the business of making paper corks for the world. Send for our booklet and bank reference, also sample of the corks, stating how much of the stock you wish to subscribe for, and we will reserve the stock until you can investigate us, then if you do not want it you need not take it. You can subscribe for as few or as many shares as you please up to $500. **This is the opportunity of a lifetime,** and you should take advantage of it at once.

U. S. FIBER STOPPER CO., 120 Winner Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

JUN 19 1903

We Go to Bohemia for Hops

We send our own buyers there every year to get the best that are grown, and we pay for them twice what common hops cost.

A partner in our business buys our barley, and selects the best from all.

We get our water from six wells, bored to rock.

Our yeast is all developed from the original mother cells which helped make Schlitz Beer famous.

We even filter air

All the air that touches Schlitz Beer comes to it through air filters.

And the beer itself is filtered through white wood pulp.

Then we age it for months, until it cannot cause biliousness.

We sterilize every bottle

Yet Schlitz Beer costs only common beer prices

Ask for the brewery bottling.

Get On Board!

Here are Tidings of Comfort and Joy A Cure for the Blues! If you want to reap its benefit, pass along your quarter quickly or the supply will be exhausted. The following stories carry with them a Guarantee of Forty Happy Half-hours.

Margaret Kelly's Wake. S. C. Brean.		
The Father of His Country. Frank E. Chase.		
When Time Turned. Ethel Watts Mumford.	**$125**	"
An Arizona Pastoral. Frank H. Mayer.		
The Vanishing Window. Richard Barker Shelton.		
How David Came Home. H. A. Fillmore.	**$125**	"
Pericles P. Pemberton: Cured. Jessie Reno Odlin.		
The Blue Light on the Mountain. Paul Crandall.		
The Pocket of Goat Island. Henry Reed Taylor.	**$100**	"
The Phantom Dromedary. Henry A. Thompson.		
Gentlemen Unafraid. Florence Guertin Tuttle.		
Born 'Tired. James D. Ellsworth.		
The Invisible City. Frank Lillie Pollock.		
A Bridegroom's Substitute. Mary Van Brunt Hunter.	**$200**	"
The Strayed Finger. John Walcott.		
The Man Who Found Zero. Ion Arnold.		

The Well-bred Young Lady in a Barber Shop at Midnight.

(There was given to The Authors' Club of Louisville, Ky., the problem of writing a short story in which a well-bred young lady has to find herself, in a natural manner, in a barber shop at midnight, and as a result the following five tales were produced.)

A Hair-breadth 'Scape.	Margaret Steele Anderson.
The Pink Umbrella.	Evelyn Snead Barnett.
Force of Circumstances.	Mary F. Leonard.
The Golden Tresses.	Mrs. Attwood R. Martin.
Ladies' Night.	Alice Caldwell Hegan.

The Gargoyle Room. Anna McClure Sholl.		
His Auspicious Assignment. Guy Wetmore Carryl.		
A Marriage of Convenience. Frank E. Chase.	**$100**	Prize.
A Fair Exchange. Arthur Dakin Foster.		
White Man's Medicine. David Bruce Fitzgerald.		
In The Dead of Night. Edgar Welton Cooley.		
The Jockey Who Went to Sleep. Louis Weslyn.	**$200**	"
Auxons. Julia Truitt Bishop.	**$100**	"
Lights Out! Frederic Laurence Davis.		
The White Death. Don Mark Lemon.		
The Freeze That Thawed Her. Walter E. Andrews.	**$200**	"
An Unsolicited Custodianship. David B. Fitzgerald.		
The Double Wedding at Section Thirty. H. Crafts.		
The Thousandth Chance. Richard Barker Shelton.		
Rance. Bland Brunner Huddleston.	**$125**	"
The Desert's Gold. Robert Roberts.	**$250**	"
Billmyer's Sprinkling Machine. George N. McCain.		
The Man Under the Tree. Don Mark Lemon.	**$100**	"
An Act of Piracy. Albert Sonnichsen.		

Money cannot buy more fascinating reading matter than the above tales, which helped THE BLACK CAT win the title, "The story-telling hit of the age." For 25 cents we will mail the eight numbers containing the 40 stories. **Order to-day, as the numbers are rapidly going out of print.**

THE SHORTSTORY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.